That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But marke him not a word, O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horſe, a railing wife,
Worſe then a ſmoky houſe. I had rather liue
With cheeſe and garlike in a windmill far,
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any ſummer houſe in Chriſtendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealments, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
As mines of India: ſhall I tell you, coſin,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But do not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are to wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quit beſides his patience:
You muſt needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, bloud,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouerment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine,
The leaſt of which, hanting a nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a ſtaine
Vpon the beuty of all partes beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Wel, I am ſchoold, good manners be your ſpeede,
Heere come your wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeake no Engliſh, I no welſh.

Glen. My daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,

Sheele be a ſouldier too, ſheel
Mor. Good father tell her,
Shall follow in your conduct
Glendower ſpeakes to her
him in th
Glen. She is deſperat here,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wild harlotry
good vpon.
The Lad
Mor. I vnderſtand thy lo
Which thou powreſt downe
I am too perfect in, and but fo
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſw
The Lady
Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſ
And thats a feeling diſputatio
But I will neuer be a truant lo
Till I haue learnd thy langua
Makes welſh as ſweete as ditt
Sung by a faire Queene in a ſu
VVith rauiſhing diuiſion to
Glen. Nay, if thou melt, th
The Lady ſpeak
Mor. O, I am ignorance it
Glen. She bids you on the
And reſt your gentle head v
And ſhe will ſing the ſung th
And on your eyelids crowne
Charming your blood with
Making ſuch difference bet
As is the difference betwixt
The houre before the heaue
Begins his golden progreſſe
Mor. VVith al my heart I
By that time will our booke
Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe Mu
Hang in the ayre a thouſand
And ſtraight they ſhal be her

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